

TEN YEARS AFTER

By Harold Carter.

Everybody on board the ship thought that Lord Alwyn and Signora Pasquale would be engaged before the vessel sighted Sandy Hook. Their acquaintance began at the captain's table on the first day; on the second, since the intermediate passengers were all



Watched the Long Streak of Foam.

seasick, Lord Alwyn took the chair next to the opera singer; thereafter they appeared to be inseparable.

"A good match it will be, too," the gossips said, as they plied their knitting needles. "He's the head of one of the oldest families in England, and they say his income's a quarter of a million dollars. Isn't it strange he hasn't

been snapped up yet! Why, he must be thirty-five."

"And she's eight and twenty if she's a day. They say all London was crazy over her last season. Such a talented young woman, and perfectly 'irreproachable!' You can't say as much about all those singers. Why, the Duchess of Eastbourne took her under her wing and introduced her everywhere. I was reading an account of her life; it reads like a romance. Her father was just an ordinary American, and she saved up and went to Italy, and there she was adopted by a rich count, or something of the sort, who made her his ward and left her his fortune on condition that she would change her name."

"What was her name?"

"Oh, Smith or Jones or Robinson—something very ordinary. I wonder when he's going to propose."

But neither of the lovers ever dreamed that they were the subject of universal gossip aboard. Absorbed in one another, they leaned over the ship's rail and watched the long streak of foam glistening in the moonlight in the wake of the "Albania."

They had not much to say on that evening, for the realization of his love for the beautiful singer had come to the Englishman quite suddenly, and when it was too late to withdraw. He felt that he must tell her now, because it would be easier for her and for himself, too; things had gone too far for that merely friendly farewell and hand-clasp which means